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LONG AGO.

We gave me his promise of shangeless trett (Down in the wood where the try clings); and the sir breathed rapture and love and youth (And you tree was in bud where the throatle sings)

He said he was going across the sea (Far from the wood where the tyr clings), And would bring beek jewels and riches for me; (But brown leaves shake where the throstle sin

Hope made life like a summer morn (Sweet was the wood where the ity clings); Now my heart is sold, and withered, and worn (and the bough is bare where the throstle sings). Days are dreary, and life is long (Yet down in the wood the try clings), and the winds they mean a desciate song (and there's enew on the bough where no throstic

Spring will come with its buds and leaves (Back to the wood where the tvy clings); But its winter oold for the heart that grieves (And I hear not the song that the throstle sings).

My WEDDING TOUR.

I was only 17 when Charlie married me, and I wrote myself for the first time Mrs. Charles Vail, Jr., and saw the initials of the same blazoned on the end of my new Saratoga trunk, when we started on our wedding journey. My wedding journey! I can speak of it calmly now, but the time was when it harrowed up my inmost soul. To this day, Charlie becomes wroth when it is mentioned and says it is my "confounded imagi-nation;" but he knows, and I know well, that that is only one of those convenient little loopholes through which big masculinity can crawl on emergency; and, the facts remaining unchanged and indisputable, I shall defy Charlie and state them to the world.

Imagine, then, reader or listener, whoever you may be, that the last silken train has swept itself out of Trinity Chapel, and the last note of the inevitable "Wedding March" shuddered itself out of the big groaning or-gan, and that Charlie and I are mar-ried. Also, that the bissions and ried. Also, that the kissing and crying over is achieved, and the voices of my husband's sisters and my maiden aunts, hailing down blessings on our heads, are happily lost in distance—that the only sound we hear is the rattle and roar of an express train thundering eastward, and I am looking out into the golden noonday, watching the fields and roads and villages and woodlands race past us, and sweep back into a stream like running water. There we sat, two blissful young fools-but it ter" inde d.

ding tour. we were being swept away to some little Paradise of our own—it might be an island of the Hesperides, or Crusoe's kingdom, or Eden itself. We stopped at a good many stations by the way, that looked anything but Paradaisical; but I saw everything through a glass, rosily, as I sat there demure and mute, by Charlie's side. The shadows were growing short, and it was just noon, when we stopped at some "ville" or other, whose long, low, straggling ngs, crowding close upon the track, and the broad, dosty village street, branching off at right angles, are photographed upon my memory. Not for anything intrinsically remark-able; there were only a good many teams and farm-wagons, and open carringes, and light carryalls standing about, with the lazy horses rubbing their noses against old worm-eaten posts.

under the row of drooping green trees, and plenty of people on the platform crowding together for greetings and good-bys; it was a commonplace, every-day pieture enough, and not even a pretty one, except in fragments. There was a general exodus from the car, and a rush dinnerward, as we supposed, toward the swinging sign of some 'House" or other down the lazy little country street; and Charlie, looking at his wetch, said it was 12 o'clock-and didn't I want some lunch? Of course I didn't, but of course he

said I must have it, and immediately started up. He wouldn't be I've minutes, he said, and I mustn't move sill he came back. I was to guard our two seats, and let no one come nigh them, and, above all, I was to sit still, and not be led astray by any possible warnings to change cars. "We're going through," Charlie remarked, "so just keep the sents, and don't pay any attention." nodded obedience, and Mr. Vail marched out of the car, leaving me to peer aller him in the crowd and catch the lest

glimpse of his straw hat vanishing down tle stre t. I watched the crowd, when Charlie was out of sight, and mused and wondered over the faces, and built up all sorts of dreamy speculations upon them, as one does in a crowd when they have nothing better to think of. Presently the door banged open, and the voice of some unseen functionary shouted, "Change cars for Bos-ton!"

"Everybody began to scramble their bags and bundles and canes together. and there was a rush among the few who remained my fellow-passengers. I watched them go without emotion, and merely settled myself more comfortably for the solitary journey through which Charlie had indicated—wondering a little where its terminus might be, but in no wise disturbed or anxious thereat. I stared out at the people for five minutes longer—at least so said the fat-faced clock in the "ladies' room" opposite my window, though I made it fifty at least by mental calculation—and then the door swung open again. This time a head projected itself into the car, roared "All out!"—evidently at me—and van-ished again, "I won't get out," I re-plied, defying the empty air, "Charlie told me to sit still, and I'm going to.

Oh, Charlie! why in the world don't you come back?" But no Charlie came to answer me, and I began to stare out in the crowd with rather more anxious eyes, and to grow a little hot and uneasy, and to think, with certain uppleasant thrills running down my back, what would be come of me if the train should start, and Charlie shouldn't come back at ali! At this awful point in my meditations, the locomotive gave vent to an unearthly screech, which I took for a premonitory symptom of departure, and I was so ter-rified that I started up from my seat, just as the little door swung back for the third time, to admit of a last warning, like that of Friar Bacon's brazen head. This time the face reappeared on a big shaggy suit of clothes some six

irate, visage. son gruffly; "I told you so twice be-"I'm to sit still," I replied meekly, "I'm going through," I thought this was the right thing to say, because

feet high, and was a grim, not to say

Charlie had said it; but it didn't have the right effect. "Change cars then-there's the Boston train over there. This runs back to New York."

I simply stared at the person, in a dogged way that he seemed to take very

"Come!" he exclaimed, waxing impatient. "You can't sit here all day, you know. Where do you want to go?"
"I—I—don't know," I stammered.
"I was told to sit stdl, and I—I must wait till the person comes back." The man stared back at me now with interest. "Where's your ticket?" said he, extending a dirty hand. "I haven't got "it," I answered in a

meek and conciliating tone, "My—Char—at least, the gentleman who is with me has got them both,"
"The gentleman! Pretty fellow he must be! Told you to sit still did he?" straw hall I made no reply to this unwarrantable

I made no reply to this unwarrantable lack of respect in referring to my absent lord, but drew myself up and looked severely out of the window.

"Well, you can't go back to New York," observed my termenter, summarily. "The best thing for you to do is to get out and look for your gentlement uses." Saving which, he jarked man, miss." Saying which, he jerked my bag down from the rack, turned the opposite seat, which Charlie had inverted, back into its place, and, by a species of moral suasion, caused me to pick up my shawis, paresols, etc., and follow him in abject submission to the

"Now, where did the gentleman go?" he demanded, as he handed me out on swept the landscape o'er with one last the platfrom. look of desperation, there appeared Charlie—grey clothes, and straw hat He went to get me some lunch,""I

rep'ied, slunest ready, at the crisis, to disgrace my bridehood and cry.

"And told you to sit still, did he? Well, you stand right here and keep a lookout for him. There's the Boston train over there, goes in lifteen minutes, and he can't got, into the contraint of the contrai and he can't get into it without your ser-ing him, if he ain't inside already; and advice is, stick fast to him if you find im, for he must need looking after."

With which remarkable words the man

set down my bag, and winked at a bystander "What's the row?" inquired the nerson thus invited to partic pate in the enjoyment of my wors. Then they whispered—about me, I suppos—and everybody turned and stored at me.

Poor light b ide! There I stood, holding fast my pera ol, with a shawlou one arm, my own small sachel on the other, and Charlie's bigger one at my feet, feeling like a very "lone, forn crit-There stood three men in sat, two bhasful young loois—out it isn't of our blies, or our footisiness either, that I am going to tell you—only of the single adventure of our wed-only of the single adventure of our wed-out of the same species coming and going, who all looked at me as three distances and another three distances are the same and another three distances are the same and another three distances are the same and another three distances are three distances. passed, and then turned round and stared again-and there was no Charlie visible to go, and I rather liked being left in in all the range of surrounding country, ignorance, knowing no more than that Dire thoughts began to be been within me, and to turn me cold and damp with ex reme terror; the nightmers of my infancy—"being lost"—came back upon me and crushed my 17 years and the new dignity of Mrs. Charles Vail, Jr., with a fell swoop. What was to become of me? Supposing there had been an accident, and Charlie knocked down and awfully mangled, or that he

had just vanished away, as one occasionally hears of respectable gentlemen having done, and never would appear again, or be heard of at all; supposing were just to stand there waiting, the trains shricking away in the distance, and night coming on, and all these strange men staring and whispering? Pretty soon I should begin to cry, for I couldn't stend it much longer; and here I began to feel for my pocket-handkerchief, and that reminded me of my pocket-book as a slight resource. dived to the utmost corner of my pocket before I remembered that I had confided it to Charlie, with wifely duty, at the

very outset of our welding trip. At this alarming discovery a cold moisture broke out upon my entire frame. A night passed under the lee of the depot, crouched among my little possessions, now loomed before me—un-less I could deposit the same possessions, or pawn my diamond ring and my gold bracelets for a night's longing and ticket back to New York. I suppose the horror depicted on my countenance was a sufficient challenge for inquiry. don't know to what extent it must have reached, but somebody appeared to find it moving, for a benevolent voice presently

"Are you waiting for anybody, Miss? I turned around with a gasp of alarm, which subsided a little, however, when I met an elderly face, spectacled and benign in the extreme.
"Excuse me, Miss," said the old gen-

tleman in a sympathizing tone, "are you waiting for any one?" "I—I—yes, sir—I'm waiting for—"
I came to a dead stop. For Charlie,
hould I say? "My husband" was a step beyond utterange just now. I only turned scarlet, choked and twisted the ndle of my bag in silence.

"Is there anything I can be go!" I "I-don't know where to go!" I "They burst out, quite involuntarily. "They told me to change cars, and I didn't ex-pect to, and I don't know what to do." My new friend looked bewildered, and came a step nearer, as he inquired, in a submenty lowered voice: "Are you "No, no," I said very quietly, under

my breath. 'Who is with you?" said he, with a kind of confidential compassion that a little confused me. I did not under-'My_a-a gentleman," I fultered "He went out to get me something, and he told me to a t still and not

move; and a man came and made me change cars-and I don't know what cars we were to take-and-I-I don't see him anywhere." Here I choked, and fell to biting my lips and winking my two eyes hard to wink the tears down. "A gentleman!" reperted my friend, lemnly. By this time two more men

bad drawn near to listen, "Brother, then?" very mysteriously. I began to get very red and uncom-fortable, and to wish that they wouldn't

"Where are you going, my dear?" asked the first Samaritan, after a solemo pause of some minutes. "I don't know," I answered, faintly. "He didn't tell me; he just said, when he went to get me some lanch, that I wasn't to move if the man said to change cars, for we were going through; and I told the man so, but he made me

"That train's a going back to New York," said one of the last arrivals, grinning. "Going through to Boston 'I don't know where I was going," I

"Let me see your ticket," said the old gentleman, feelingly.

He had a compassionate way of looking at me over his speciacles; and he coded queerer still when I answered fright. faintly - "He's get it-and and my oney and Oh, why don't be come?"

Here I cast loose all ceremony and burst into tears.

"Oh, don't cry now," said the old entleman, soothingly. "Don't now! gentleman, soothingly. "Don't now! It'll be all right—you'll be taken care of. Where did the—your friend—where of. Where did the your did he go? -- which way? "I don't know," I sobbed from behind my handkerchief.
"Went to get some lunch, did he say?

Well, now, can't you tell me what sort of a looking person he was, and then perhaps we can find him? young or old?" Was he "Young," I murmured, still behind a b.rrier of cambric. " \(\text{\text{\$\cdot}}\)-with a yellow mustache, and g-grey clothes and a

"Pretty bad business!" one of the men muttered aside to another. "Sharp fellow!" responded a second. And then there were some antistrophos of "What's the matter?" "It's a shame!" "Left her, did he?" from a small crowd that had by this time started up around me. "Well, now, just come in here and sit down," said my oldgentleman, paternally gathering up my bag; "and compose yourself, my dear, and we'll see wha can be done. Don't cry! it'll only flurry you, and won't do any good, you know. There, that's right!" For I wiped my eyes with the remnant of a sob, pulled my veil down, and was turning to follow him, when, behold! as I

and yellow mustache, and all, coming from the dim distance, with a brown paper parcel under each arm.
"There he is!" I shrieked, dropping bag and parasol in my ecstasy, and rushing down the platform with extended arms. "There he is? Oh, call him, somebody-tell him I'm here! Make

him look this way !"
"Where? which? where is he?" cried half a dozen men quite excitedly.

"Him in the straw hat, with the bundles? Halloa sir! Halloa! Stop him!" and three small boys and one man

started in pursuit.
Poor Charlie! There he came, hurrying along in our direction, rather swiftly it is true, but quite at his ease, and with a smiling face, when my four champions gave chase. And just as they had up lifted their voices, and just as Charlie's eyes, sweeping the surrounding scene, appeared to light upon them—just then been sitting fiftee, minutes before, and which had been backing and snorting, and advancing and backing again, after the manner of trains, chose its time to set up a shrick and a violent ringing of the bell, and to go puffing off on its way back to New York. And Charlie first started wildly, and then turned around and chased the locomotive, and the three small boys and the man hased him, rending the air with shouts of "Stop-

But Charlie couldn't keep up with the train very long, and the impotency of his efforts seemed to break upon him suddenly; after he had run times! f very hot and damp, and shed all the bot buns from his brown paper parcel for twenty yards along the track. He turned and faced his pursuers like a man at bey, and figuratively speaking they all fell upon "Stop there! where are you going?

"Come back after your lady, you scamp?"
"Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"
shouted the small boy in ecasy. Wanted to run away did you? Didn't do it that time, old feller!"

"What the d—do you wrut?" said
Charlie fiercely—only he need the whole
word instead of the juitial. "Where's Sarah? 'Where's my wife?"
"There she is!" roared a dozen voices,

with appropriate action of is many unwashed bands. "Ain't got rid of her so I will draw a decorous veil over embrace that followed, and the profanities with which Charlie pur counted it, and the compliments exchanged by the populace, who evinced the wildest joy as what was supposed to be the disc unittare of vil-Jainy. I merely will observe that the whistle of the Boston train out short our little scene, and that I was har 'ed no on the last car amid the cheers of the bystanders, greatly multiplied since Charlie's appearance on the scene, and speeded on my way by a parting reas

from one benevolent personage to "heep a tight eye on my young man, for he warn't to be trusted as far as you could see him!" Also that Charlie shed bank notes as well as buns in the exciter pat of the chase, and that my point d' Alencon parasol with an agate handle, the wedding gift of my beloved Arabella, i probably marching round Blankville at this very hour, no sed in the Lislethrea hand of some villag a belle,

Familiar Quotations.

Grave Judges, and others learned in the law, have contributed their quota, as in duty bound, to the common stock of popular sayings. It is Francis Bacon who speaks of matters that "come bome to men's business and bosoms, who lays down the axiom that "Knowl edge is power," and who utters that olemn warning to enamored Benedicts 'He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune," We have the high authority of the renowned Sir Edward Coke for declaring that "Corporations have no souls," and that "A man's house is his castle." The expression, "An accident of an accident," is borrowed from Lord Thurlow. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" occurs in Bentham, but as an acknowledged translation from the learned jurist Beccaria. To Leviathan Hobbes we owe the sage maxim, "Words are wise men's counters, but the money of fools," It is John Selden who suggests that by throwing a straw into the air you may see the way of the wind, and you may see the way of the wind, and to his contemporary Oxenstern is due the discovery, "With how little wisdom the world is governed." Mackintosh first used the phrase "A wise and masterly inactivity." "The schoolmaster is abroad," is from a speech by Lord Brougham. It does not mean that the teacher is "abroad" in the sense of her acher is "abroad" in the sense of being absent, as many seem to interpret the phrase, but that he is "abroad" in sense of being everywhere at work. In the familiar phrase, "A delusion, a mockery and a snare" there is a certain biblical ring, which has sometimes led to its being quoted as from one or other of the Hebrew prophets; the words are, in fact, an extract from the judgment of Lord Denman at the trial of O'Connell, - Chambers' Journal.

A MILE dealer at Frankfort, Germany, who only put one quart of water to eight gallons of milk, was fined \$20 and sent to jail for three months, just as in would have been in America,

As exchange makes this distinction; If you are rich, it is hay fever; if you are poor it is an ordinary cold. atter case we believe it is enizoot,

Cannibals and Cork Legs. Great results are expected from an experiment recently tried by the American Missionary Society. Last fall they sent as missionary to the cannibalislands a brother who had lost both arms and both legs in a railroad accident. was provided with cork limbs, and his roice being in good condition it was believed he could get in his work with the heathen as well as though he was a whole man. The idea was to allow the unnibals to kill him and eat him, lieving that the heathen would see the error of their ways and swear off on human flesh, A report has been received which is very encouraging. It seems that the cannibals killed the good nissionary, and cut off his arms and legs for a sort of a stew, or "boyaw," thus falling directly into the trap set for them by the Missionary Society. The missionary stationed at the next town, who fur-nishes the society with the data, says it was the most languable thing he ever wit-nessed, to see the heathen chew on those cork limbs. They boiled them all day and all night, keeping up a sort of a go-as-you-please walk around, or fresh-meat dance, and giving a sa-red concert about like our national "Whoop it up, Liza Jane," and when they stack a fork into the boiling limbs, and found that the "mest" seemed water scaked, they set the table and sounded the loud timbrel for breakfast. The surviving missionary says he shall never forget the look of pain on the face of a buck cannibal, as he bit into the elbow joint of the late inmented and struck a brass binge. He picked it out as an American , would pick a buckshot out of a piece of venison, and laid it beside his plate in an abstracted manner, and began to chew on the cork elbow. Any person who has ever tried to draw a cork out of a beer bottle with his teeth can realize the feelings of these cannibals as they tried to draw sustenance from the remains of the cork man. They were saddened, and it is safe to say they are incensed against the Missionary Society. Whether they will conclude that all Americans have become tough, and quit trying to musticate them, is not known, though that is the object sought to be attained by the society. One of the annibals said he knew, when these legs and arms would not stay under water when they were boiling, and had to be loaded down with stones, that the ment wasn't right, but his wife told him "some pork would bile so." The experi-

Christians, and eat dog sansage and Limberg cheese,—Peck's Sun.

ment is worth following up, and we sup-pose hereafter there will be a great de-

mand for men with cork arms and legs

such experiences the campibals may see

to be sert as missionaries. After a few

the error of their ways and become

What is Money. A few weeks ago two gontlemen came into my office and put before me a five dollar national-bank note. They remarked that they had agreed to abide by my decision, and they asked me this simple question: "Is this money?" "Certainly it is money," I replied; and one man went of in triumph, and one was sad. P-rhaps the disappointed man had persured that I would say; it is not money, because it is not gold or silver." Now, gentlemen, was my reply right or wrong? Let us settle this point before we enlarge upon the uses of money through the operations of a national bank. And though I am well aware that it is hard to flud ten men who will agree to precise definitions upen this subject, yet I will venture this: Money is a measure of a value, and a

medium of exchange, While it may not be wealth, it is that which distributes wealth. While it may not be capital, it is that which employs In short, it is the measure of a value and the medium of an exchange. Let me illustrate in a more familiar way. I toss before you a nickel five-cent pieces You say that is money, and you are right, because it measures the vame of five apples. Or I show you a postage stamp set in a tin frame, such as we were once obliged to use, and you say this stamp is also money. But I may contend that a postage stamp is not money; but you will reply that if a stamp will buy apples, then it is money, for it becomes the measure of a valu and the medium of exchange,

A hundred years ago, Indian corn was used for money; it bought goods and paid debts, The old minister, in my native city, was paid his salary part in paper money, part in corn money and part in hard-wood money. The corn was used at a tixed price per bushel, and the wood at so much for a cord. They paid debts, they were measures of value and me-liums of exchange. - W. E. Gould, of

Portland, Maine,

Unequaled Sport la Louisiana. Jim Young, the modern Nimeod of the Southwest, while on a hunt in the Solalaks bostom, was told by a planter of the neighborhood to kill a hog of his if he crane secoss one in his mara, o m killed the kog, and, not being able to "go the whole hog" at one trip, hong up part of the deceased, and on his return found one quarter gene and bea signs around the place. Leaving the rest of the mean on the bush, he returned that night, and Ly in wait for bruin. Toward Lavlight the bear came, and Jim tumble i her. While eugene in butchering the bear, a cup appro and met the face of the old one. Hear ing the houses coming in full cry, cratook a stand and soon had a famous large buck at his feet. Very soon afterward another one appeared, and the killed that one also—thus having killed in one morning and at one stand, one large bear, two cubs and a monster buck. Jim says he at the same time and place killed two wildcats and three wild turkeys, but this must be taken cum grano salis.-Shreveport (La.

The Iron Egg. In the museum at Berlin is a iron egg, of which the following beautiful story is told: Many years ago a Prince became affianced to a lovely Princess, to whom he promised to send a magnificent gift as a testimonial of his affection. In due time the messenger arrived bringing the promised gift, which proved to be an iron egg. The Princess was so angry to think that the Princess should send her so valucless a present that she threw it upon the floor, when the iron egg opened, dis closing a silver lining. Surprised at such a discovery, she took the egg in her hand, and while examining clo covered a secret spring, which she touched and the silver lining o ened, disclosing a golden yelk. Examining it carefully, she found another spring which, when opened, disclosed within the golden yelk a ruby crown, Sabjecting that to an examination, she touched a spring, and forth came the diamond ring with which he affianced her to himself. HIS HAIR TURNED WRITE.

Narrow Escape from Death by Burning Oil. [From the Philadelphia Times. "How did my hair turn white? Well, sir, if you will sit down on that new bull-wheel shaft while I turn off the gas

at the boiler and slack the sand line in the derrick, I will tell you."

A young man of splendid physique and handsome features paused long enough in his work of detaching the walking-beam from the shaft crank at a drilling-well to ask his visitor to be sested and wait till he was through with his

work before explaining why his hair was of a color so out of keeping with his hair turned white? Well, I don't know; I don't tell the story very often, but if Boylston sent you here to see me I guess it's all right. I was originally a Bostonian, having been 'raised' at the Hub. I don't look as though I were faint-hearted, do 1? About two years ago I was in hard luck for some reason or other, and, as it never rains but it pours, I had all sorts of misfortunes, the most remarkable of which turned my hair from a color moderal ly black to the silvery whiteness you see now. There had been a heavy storm one night at about midnight, and, as usual with the fil-country residents, I grose and looked from the window to see if my tanks had been struck by lightning. A bright glare in the sky convinced me that a large tank of oil was on fire a few niles distant, and I went back to sleep, determining to go to the fire at moon and see the first overflow. You know that when a 25,000-barrel fron tank of oil has been on fire for twelve or fourteen hours the burning oil will boil up and flow over the sides just like a kettle of soap. Well, about noon, in company with three or four young fellows, I went to the fire. It was a beautiful day. The sun shone mellow and subdued on the earth, the hills were robed in brightest green after the rain, and the birds were having a happy time in the trees. Hundreds of feet in the air hung a grand pillar of blackest smoke, and from out the huge tank flerce flames were shooting upward, as if to burn the vault of

"At 2 o'clock the first grand overflow pecurred. As I stood on the hillside picking wild berries, I heard a man shout, 'she's coming, and saw pipe-line men running away from the tenk for their lives. I heard a rumbling sound inside the tank and didn't know what it meant, but a few recounts after I saw tally 500 barrels of burning oil shoot up from the tank and boil over the sides. It was grand beyond description, and I stood and watched it in silence. The burning o'l floated down a creek for a mile, burning a saw mill, numerous oilwells and tanks, buildings and every-

thing within reach of its devastating "When the flow had partly subsided it was found that a second 25,000-barrel iron tank had been set on the by the overflow of burning oil. Being somewhat inquictive I ventured down behind the tanks to get a better visw from the lower side. While trying to avoid a peol of harming oil I fell into a mud hole r sort of quick and and stack fast. My atmost endeavors were of no avail in exricating myself from the hole. I yelled at the top of my voice, but so great was the roar of the burning tauks that my voice sounded weak and far away. I struggled until exhausted and then I lay

back and rested. ek and rested. "Suddenly I heard the sound of a cannon and saw a column of dame and snoke shoot up from one of the banks. The truth came upon me like a best of lightning, and I was almost scricken senseless by the thought. The United Pipe Line near were dring cannon balls the column of t through the first back to line of the oil and prevent a second overdow. Great God's What a conviction come upon me! The imrning oil would flow down upon me! It was a marter of seconds. I tried to shout, but the wordswould not come. With the spength of despair I druggled to get free. The quick-and held me with the grip of 10,000 devils, All at once I saw a little stream of burnng oil ran slowiz down toward me. My ime had come, I thought, and I must se burned to death by mches. The earth was dear to me then-dearer than ver before and I turned to get a look at the sunlight and the bright world once more. The horror and fear passed away and I was ready to die. The stream of burning oil, now grown larger, was upon me, but I did not seem to care. I saw it as in a dream. The earth and all things earthly field away, and all

"When I came back to consciousness I was lying in my own room with my riends around me. The boys said that a following the supposed course of the verflowed oil they came upon me and escued me just as the burning stream ens about to push upon me. I was nick long while, and when I got well I ama my hair was as white as you see now. The doctors said it was caused in rear and lear."

What Became of "Ma." The "labor question" and the ques tion of taxation are the great practical problems of Fijan life. It is not easy to certain how far "black-birding" cooley-stealing prevailed before the an-nexation. Mr. Cooper's own accounts of the matter seem rather inconsistent. At present the Governor does his best to ceure the return of imported laborers to their homes when their term has expired. Mr. Cooper thinks that those nalf-civilized returned emigrants ruise the moral tone of their neighbors. It is certain that the Solomon Islanders seem to have become region more than less savage during recent years. An amus-ing story is told of an imported Polynesian nurse who returned to her own people after she bad served her time. A "recruiting agent" met her, and asked her if she would return to Fiji. "Well," said the girl, "I like it, but I don't know if my pa will let me go." "Oh, I see; the old folks live here.

"My pa lives here, but my ma's "Oh, how did the old lady die?" "Gentleman come visiting, and pa gets jealous; so he light and kill mu, then he

The Electric Telegraph. "Who was the inventor of the electric telegraph?" asks the approved school-book. "Morse," gibly replies the boy. Yet the boy and his book are wrong. Morse invented the characters now in "She

WEBSTER.

A Reminiscence of the Great States

Richard B. Kunball, in The Dartmouth. Shortly after Fenimore Cooper's death there was a meeting of literary men in the city of New York, in the Governor's room at the City Hall. Washington Irving presided. A committee was ap-pointed to make arrangements for a suitable recognition of the event, and fur-ther to raise funds for the erection of s monument to the memory of the de-

ased n velist. ceased n velist.

At our list meeting Mr. Bryant was elected to deliver the eulogy, and his acceptance was speedily obtained. After various propositions, Dr. Rufus Griswold, who was the leading spirit throughont, suggested that we should, if pos-sible, get Mr. Webster to preside on the occasion. Mr. Webster was soon to pass through New York on his way to Washington, and I availed myself of the circonstance to see him personally on the subject. I called an him at the Astor House and stated my errand. He seemed somewhat taken back at the proposition, and asked me if I thought it would be quite appropriate. "I am not a literary man," he said.

"It seems to me you should select one for this office,"
"Mr. Webster," Freplied, "we certainly claim you as such. You will be

judged by your printed works, and printed works constitute literature He considered a moment and their said: "I have engaged to deliver a discourse before your Historical Society the last week in February; If you can arrange your meeting about the same time I will preside at it." At the appointed hour I drove to the

Astor House for Mr. Webster and brought him to the hall. On the way he repeated twice to himself: The appliance of Balening Semites to command. Turning suddenly to me he exclaimed :

"Youngster, what is the line immediate ly succeeding that?" The question came so unexpectedly that I could not answer it. We happened to be jest opposite Randolph's
book store, Stopping the carriage, I
jumped out and poscured a copy of
"Gray's Elegy," came back and read
the lines Mr. Wobster wished for, and
we proceeded on our way.

An amusing incident programs of the

An amusing incident occurred at the opening. Mr. Irving, whose duty it was as Charman of our committee to an-nounce Mr. Webster, came forward in his phy, frightened manner, to go seated exactly infrost of him among the audience rose, and, before Mr. Irving could get out a word, should at the top of his voice: "Torce obsers for the author of the "Stefch Book." Three cheers were given to Mr. Irving's utter dismay and disconfiture. He stam-mer d out Mr. Webster's name and some narticulate words about "presiding, then, quickly retreating, he scated him-

Mr. Weister's opening remarks, the eulogy of Mr. Bryant, the brilliant speeches which followed, and Mr. Webster's closing scalences were carefully reported in the daily journals. Tobserved that he used the quotations from "Grey's Elegy" while speaking, showing that his mind was occupied with the subject

as we rock slong.

The assembly broke up at a late hour.
I had engaged to bring Mr. Webster to the Century Club after we had concluded, where a hand-one collation had been prepared. The club-robus, at that time, were near by in Broadway: We found a large mateering already assembled, and after a long address of welcome by the venerable Chief Justice of the Superior Court, Samuel Jones; general introductions followed Mr. Webster remained all the time stand-ang near the head of the table. After some pleasant observations, he re-marked that he p received there were

several artists in the company. "Perhaps, gentlemen, you are not aware," he said, "that many years ago we had in this country two famous pierares by Vandyke," naming them. At this amount coment some of the artists encha god glances with cacit other, as much as to say, "He is out of his reckning this time."

"The circumstances were these, continued Mr. Webster, "There was a wealthy Holiander who, shortly after the beginning of the present cercame to America and took up ington. He was the owner of of his family remained in Hollan his death, in dividing his proper left to a daughter in New York two paintings, or a certain number guilders, as she should elect. Now, gentlemen," continued Mr. Webster, with an air of intenso disgnat, "this lady's husband was in trade, and he took the guilders, and the paintings were packed up and sent back to Holland. I was in Congress at the time, and

went with a friend to see them before

American shepherds have yet much to learn in regard to the management of their flocks. For example, the sheep in Silesia are never exposed to much rain. Shelter and shade are provided for fliem. Nor are they exposed to dust, for that is known to be injurious to the fleece. The greatest-possible care is taken in the breeding. Men of experience are employed to go from farm to farm to examine the sheep and select the best rand that can be found. The rams are closely examined as to their fleece-bearing properties, and all but the very best are sold off. The whole economy of the sneep farm is as perfect as intelligence and industry can make it. A ton of weel is worth \$750 at 35 cents a pound, or \$50.7 at 25 cents. A ton of wheat is worth about \$22, and of corn about \$16. The freight is about the same for each, and is thus twenty-five times more for wheat and nearly fifty times more for corn than wool. This is worth considering, and shows how much better it is to tarn corn into wool than to sell it.—Ex-

Will Read Either Way.

Our young friends have heard of put her in a love (or even), and pa and his friends eat poor ma all up."—London Saturday Review.

Our young release heard of pulindromes—words or lines that real and spell the same backward as forward. The following sentences, or inted in the London Truth, simply make sense read word by word either way: "Solomon had vast treasures silver

and gold—things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithfully served "She sits lamenting sadiy, often too

use and nothing more than this. The gruch slone, inventor was Dr. Wheatstone, but his "Man is noble and generous often. original invention did not apply to long distances. Prof. Henry improved on Wheatstone, and we are indebted to these two for the telegraphy of to day.